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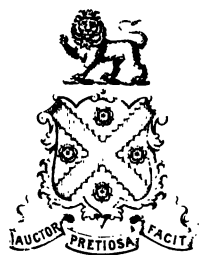
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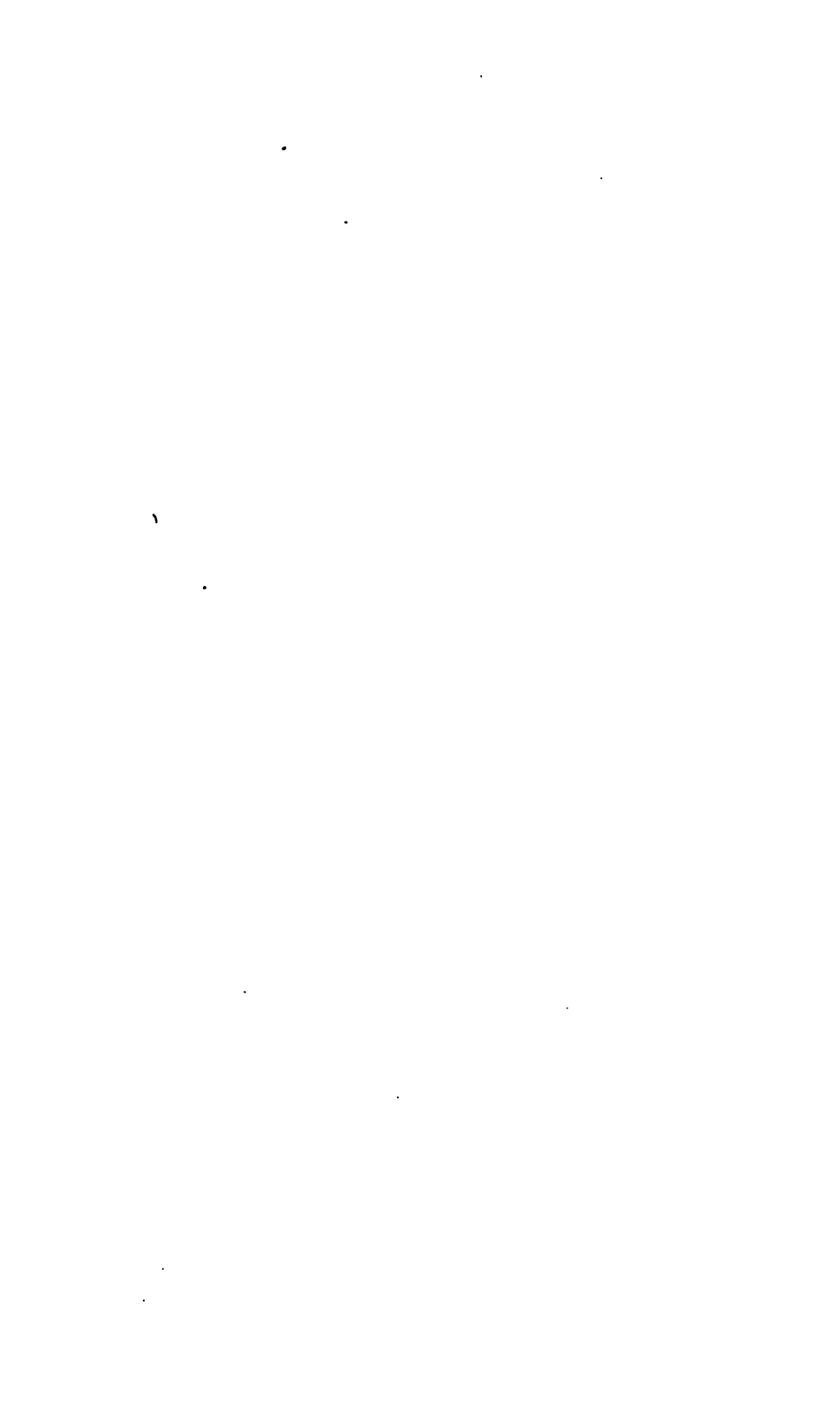


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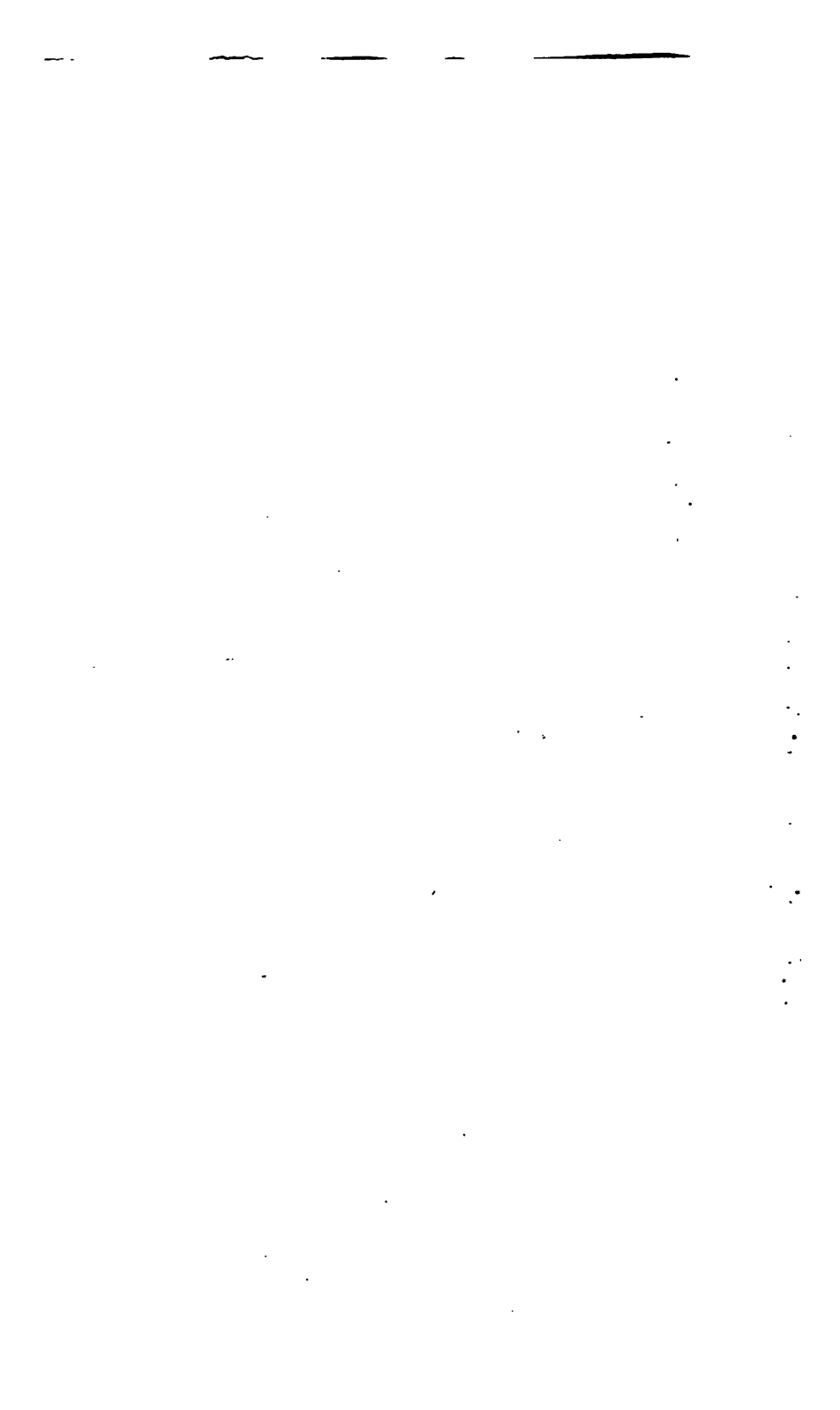


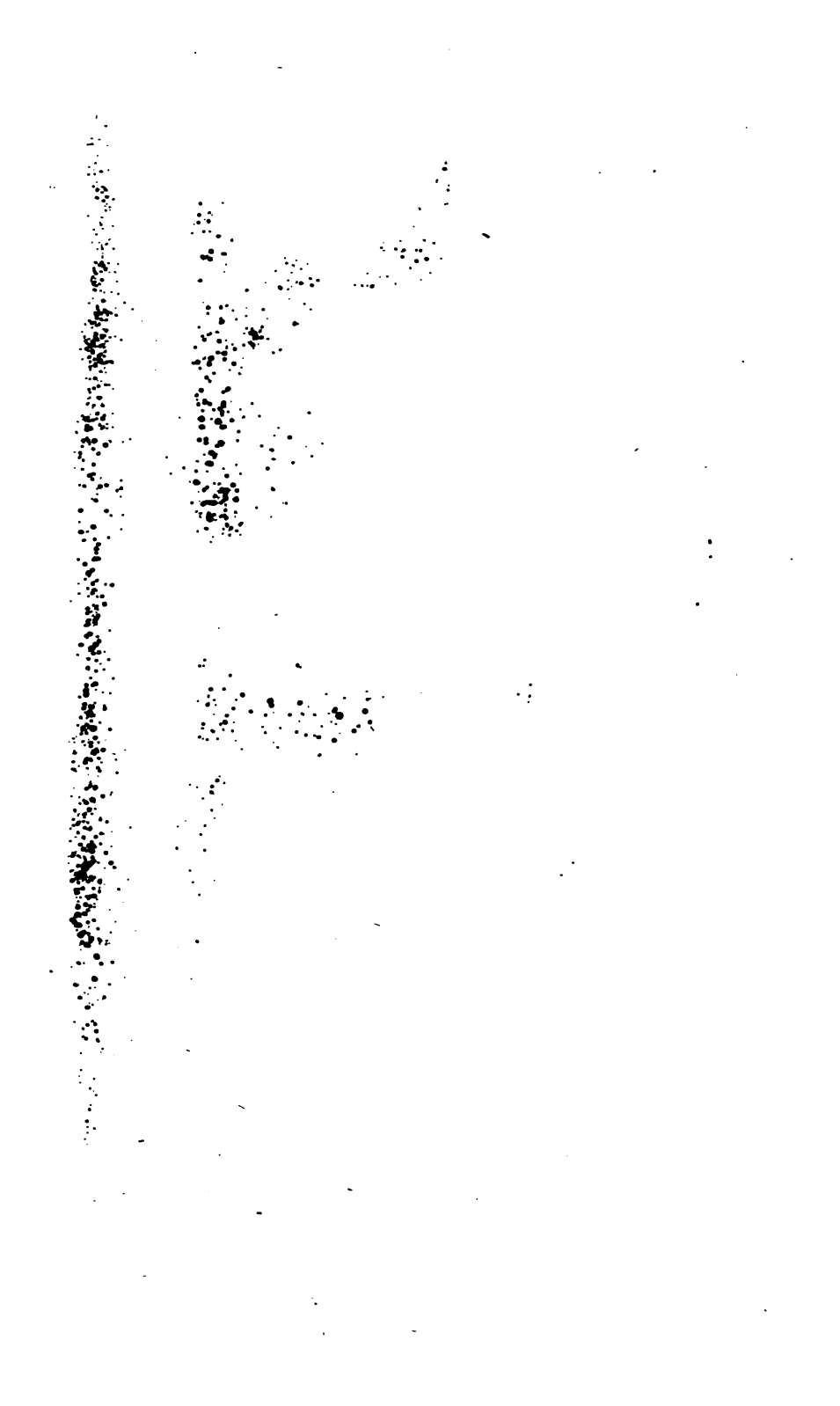


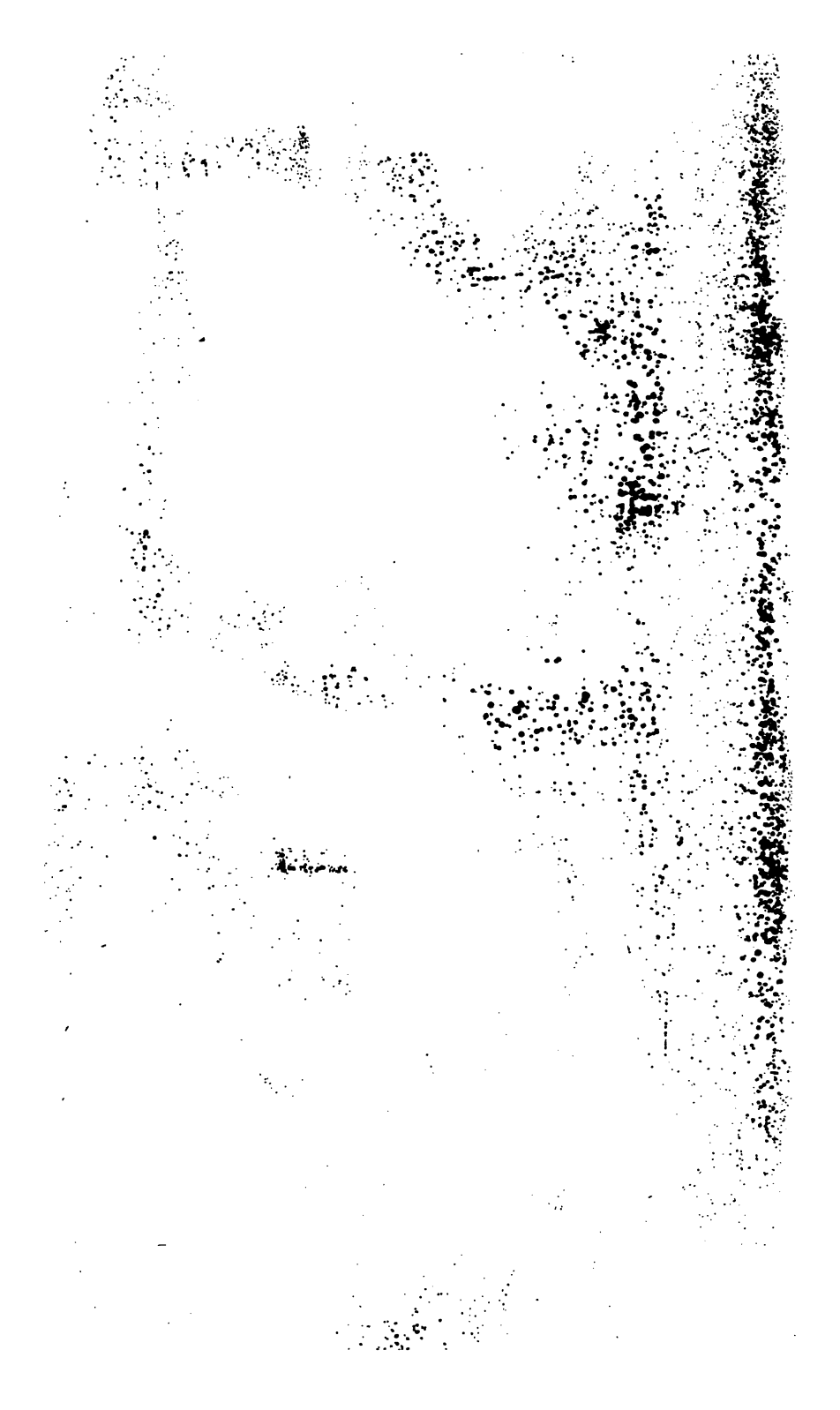


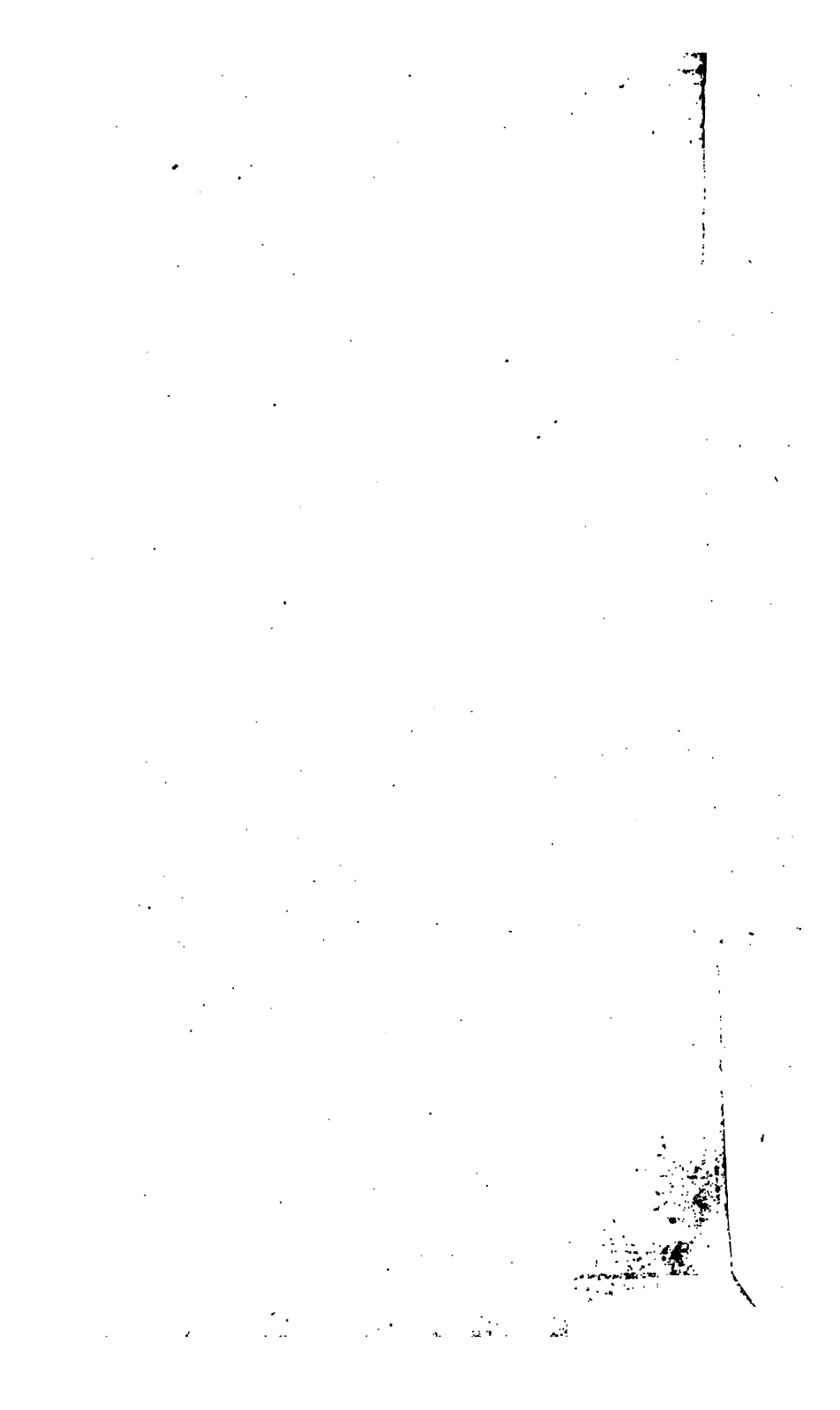
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G. Vander Gucht Inv. & Sculp.

*Shakespear, Rowe, Johnson, now are quite undone
These are thy Tryumphs, thy Exploits O Lun!*

2

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HARLEQUIN-HORACE:

OR, THE

A R T

O F

Modern Poetry :

Tempora mutantur nos & mutamur in illis.

The THIRD EDITION, Corrected.
With several Additional Lines and Explanatory Notes.



L O N D O N :

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at *Homer's*
Head against St. *Dunstan's* Church, in *Fleet-*
street, MDCCXXXV. Price 1 s.





P R E F A C E

To the Courteous and Ingenious

J - - N R - - H, Esq;



E doubt not but great will be your *Worship's* Astonishment, to find your Name prefix'd to this our *Prefatory Address*, seeing true it is, that we neither previously crav'd your Consent thereunto, nor could presume to do it by Virtue of any Personal Acquaintance with you, forasmuch as our remembrance chargeth us not with having seen you at any time, save in the Guise of a *Hobby-Horse*, *Bull*, *Spaniel*, or some other such like *Animal*, in which you generally chuse to communicate your self to the Publick.

b

But

P R E F A C E.

But what name could we possibly have fix'd on so worthy as his who is the great Patron of the Art we here treat on? All the delectable Representations you have entertain'd us with, have been put together in absolute Conformity to the Rules we have laid own; yea verily, from *those* are the Rules themselves extracted, in like manner as *Aristotle* compil'd his *Art of Antient Poetry* from the Writings of that, then renown'd, Ballad-maker *Homer*. 'Twas you Sir, (to your everlasting Honour be it recorded) that first introduc'd among us the present delicate and amazing Taste in our Diversions; and 'tis to your lawdable Zeal and unparallel'd *Agility* that it owes its Success. Indefatigable in *Well-doing*, you courageously persevere to surmount all Opposition, and risk your very *Neck* for its Encouragement and Support.

We might here aptly take occasion, Sir, to talk to you about your Forefathers, not weening but you have had as many as any Peer in the Realm, and those too peradventure of as notable Memory; but you scorn to build your Fame on any *Bottom* save your own, and justly resolve to *Stand* on your own *Legs* for Reputation. You are happy, Sir, in your Self, and from your Self. You are bless'd with ev'ry natural Qualification which is requisite to one in your Profession, and have, to a great Perfection, acquir'd the Art of leading People by the Nose. You have Wit enough to make your Advantage of the Follies of others, and Chymistry enough to extract Gold out of every thing but common Sense, and that both as *Wit*, and *Chymist*, you have nothing to do with; neither in verity should you; for one in your Way can no more expect to thrive by common Sense, than a *Westminster* Justice by common Honesty. You prudently look on Mankind to be one half Knaves, and t'other Fools,
and

P R E F A C E.

and conclude justly, that to entertain both Sorts, there must be a joint-mixture of Trick and Buffoonry, every one delighting in the Representation of what is most natural to him, or in which he labours to excel. Thus an *upright Citizen* is wonderfully diverted to see the Devil over-reach Dr. *Faustus* in a Bargain: a *Reverend Limb* of the Law, at seeing *Harlequin* turn'd *Judge* take Bribes of both Sides, without doing Justice to either: Whilst those Shoals of *Templers*, *Beaux*, and *Laywers Clerks*, the *Toupee Worthies* of *Tom's*, *Dick's*, and *White's*, that compose the other Part of your Audience, receive inexpressible Satisfaction and Transport, at beholding your Worship transform'd into an *Ass* or an *Old Woman*, and your Tables and Chairs, into Wheel-barrows, and Coblers Stalls.

Then as to the Fair Sex, Sir, you are not unknowing in what tends to their Recreation. You deem, we conjecture, one Moiety of 'em to be very civil Gentlewomen, and no better than they *Should be*; The other to be ill-natur'd Prudes, because they are forc'd to be better than they *Would be*, and consequently that to hit the Tastes of the Whole, there must be an equal Quantity of Obscenity, and Scandal.

Nay, unspeakable is the Service you have done the Publick in this respect; for whereas, to the foul Discouragement of Wit and Humour among us, our Women were in past Days so squeamishly delicate, that a pleasant Hint, or waggish Jest would have frighten'd 'em out of a Room; they are now (thanks to your Instructions, Sir) as impenetrable Proof against any thing that tends to put them out of Countenance, and altogether as incapable of the Weakness of a Blush, as *Heydigger*, or even *Henly*, himself.

They can, with manifest Ease, and Tranquility, sit out the most lascivious Epilogue, or Farce; and not shew
b 2 the

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the least Discomposure, or Emotion, when the most *significant* Gestures are represented in a Dance — Astonishing *Philosophy*! What sufficient Retaliation can we Fathers and Husbands make that worthy Person, who has been the happy Instrument of so powerfully correcting the vicious Inclinations of our Wives and Daughters, that they are not to be *moved* by any thing that can be said to them. This indeed is the great Design, the ultimate End of all Dramatick Writings, so to mould and temper the Passions, as to purge and refine 'em, by the very means they are excited: And the Achievement of this glorious Work, is your lawdable Aim in all your Performances. You profoundly judge, that one Poison is best expel'd by another; that Incontinency is most effectually cur'd by more Incontinency, like heaping on Fewel to put out the Fire; and that the Representation of Lewdness, is the most powerful Restraint from the Practice of it; agreeable to the Maxim of those wise Heathens who made their Slaves *drunk*, to shew their Sons the Deformity of the Vice.

In fine, Sir, it may be very emphatically affirm'd of you, that you *know the World*. You have a commensurate Idea of the Length, Depth, and Breadth of all the *Choice Spirits* and *Fine Genius's* of the Age. You are convinc'd by happy Experience, that the Pleasures and Diversions which the present Race of Mortals are most fond of, are such as do the most effectually impose both on their Senses and Understandings; and that the utmost satisfaction they receive, is from being visibly play'd the Fool with. That their Judgments have got the *Palsy*, and their Imaginations the *St. Vitus's Dance*. The first, benumb'd, insensible, and unactive; the last, convuls'd, ridiculous, and unnatural; and, like a true *Quack*, you continue to apply *Anodynes* to those, and *Volatiles* to these.

You are a thorough Master, Sir, of the great and Lucrative

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crative Art of *Delusion*, and every thing is taken for *Sterling* that but goes through your Hands. You can make Profanefs pass for Wit, and Obscenity for polite Conversation; Scolding for Rallery, and Hectoring for Courage, a Fool's Coat for pure Humour, and a Tweak by the Nose, or a Box o'the Ear for keen Repartee. The present Sett of Criticks who preside in the Theatres, and call themselves the Town, are Gentlemen, you well know, of such curious Constitutions, as can by no Means undergo the Drudgery of Thinking; To their Taste therefore do you prudently project to reduce your Productions. To apply to their Judgement you cannot, for you are convinc'd they have none; and to accost their Senses in a natural Way, would be likewise Impolitick, for those being a Sort of Inlets, or *Sink-holes* to the Understanding, (which in these Gentlemen I look on to be a kind of *Common Sewer*) it would be only disturbing the *Puddle*, to bespatter your self. Well-judg'd therefore is it of you, Sir, to endeavour to engage 'em by such Diversions, as were never before seen, heard, or conceiv'd; and never can be judg'd of or understood. In which Attempt you have so wonderfully and meritoriously succeeded, that whilst the *Sublime* of a *Shakespeare*, the *Tenderness* of an *Otway*, and the *Humour* of a *Vanbrugh*, are represented to empty Benches; you can by the single wave of a *Harlequin's Wand*, conjure the whole Town every Night into *your Circle*; where, like a true *Cunning Man*, you amuse 'em with a few *Puppy's Tricks* while you juggle 'em of their Pelf, and then cry out with a Note of Triumph,

Si Mundus vult Decipi,, Decipiatur.

And now, Sir, having given you a full and true Account of your self, we come next to say something
of

P R E F A C E.

of our selves, with a Word upon our Performance.

As to the following Piece, it is a System of the Laws of *Modern Poetry* establish'd amongst us by the Authority of the most *Successful* Writers of the present Age, by which it appears that the *Rules* now follow'd, are in all *Respects* exactly the *Reverse* of those which were observ'd by the Authors of *Antiquity*, and which were set forth of old by *Horace* in his Epistle *de Arte Poetica*. In a word, Sir, it is *Horace* turn'd *Harlequin*, with his Head where his Heels should be; in which Posture we ween not but he will be well receiv'd by your Worship, and in Consequence of that, by the whole Town.

— *Nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari prescripsit pagina Nomen.*

But here sue we for Pardon, in not having consider'd that you are too much both of a *modern* fine Gentleman, and Poet, to understand Quotations from such antiquated Authors. Howbeit we are warranted hereunto by the daily Practice of our Brethren, who never fail to interlace, and trim their Prefaces with Scraps from Authors at once so very foreign and enigmatical, that neither their Patrons or themselves are travel'd enough to unriddle them.

And now for the *Criticks*, * those malevolent *Mungrils*, whose Barking we despise; Those Blund'ring *Oxen*, who tread down the good Corn, only to come at the Weeds; Those *Black Birds*, who will be always pick-

* This Treatment of the Criticks is correspondent with the Practice of our Modern Writers, who never fail to fall foul on them at the very Threshold of their Works, providently purposing, to obviate thereby, any undue Influence which their future Cavils and Animadversions might have on the candid Reader.

P R E F A C E.

ing Holes in the fairest Fruit ; Those *Ruffians*, with dark Lanthorns, which contain just Light enough to shew 'em the Way to murder other People ; those *Rats*, which tear Books to Pieces, only to come at the Paste they are glew'd with ; Those *Owls*, *Batts*, *Vultures*, *Drones*, *Bears*, *Tigers*, *Crocodiles*, *Dragons*, we dread, abominate, neglect, and contemn ; being thoroughly satisfy'd with our selves, and this our Performance ; well knowing that what we have done, will be of infinite Service to Mankind in general, and greatly tend to the Advantage of our own dear *Countrymen*, and *Bretbren* ; The comfortable Reflection upon which, and the Approbation we shall unquestionably receive from the Town (and for which we lay hold of this Opportunity to return them our humble and hearty Thanks) will support us under all the Opposition we may meet with from the above-mention'd *Hottentots* ; and will encourage us to go on to the utmost of our Power, and publish something more as speedily as possible.

One Word more Sir, and we bid you adieu ; we had once purpos'd to make the following Work more acceptable to the *Erudite*, by casting at the Foot of each Page, a Competency of Notes both Critical and Explanatory ; but upon more mature Deliberation, we determin'd to leave this Part to the penetrating, nice-guessing, and laborious Dr. *Zoilus* ; no way doubting but he will execute it with equal Astonishment and Satisfaction to the gentle Reader, as he has already done with regard to the * *original* Author.

In this Edition indeed (finding that the other great Critick has been too much engag'd in his immortal Labours on *Paradise Lost* to comply with our Request) we have thought meet to scatter here and there a few

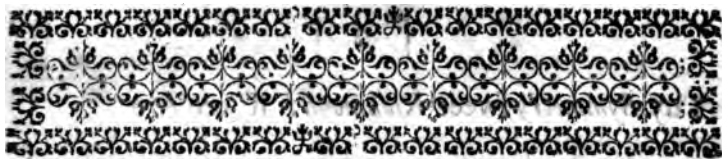
* *Vide B—ley's Edition of Horace.*

P R E F A C E.

Animadversions by way of Illustration, which have been communicated to us by *Bavius*, *Mævius* and other of our *Grubæan* Elders.

And now, Sir, begging Pardon both of your self and the Publick, for taking up so much of your precious Time, which is always employ'd in their Service, we conclude with our sincere and disinterested wishes, that *Mercury* and *Venus* may take you into their Protection; and that you may never grow *fat*, or be *laid by the Heels*, but may ever Remain *slender*, *slippant* and *free*, both for the Recreation of this Metropolis, and your own private Emolument.






Harlequin - Horace :

OR, THE

ART of Modern POETRY.

(F)  F some great Artift in whose Works
conspire

The Grace of *Raphael*, and a *Ti-
tian's* Fire,

Should toil to draw the *Portrait* of a Fair

With *Shaftsb'ry's* Mien, and *Harvey's* pleasing Air;

A *Shape* that might with lovely *Queenb'rough's* vie, 5

The *Smile* of *Vanbrugh*, and a *Hertford's* Eye,

B

Thy

- (1) Humano capiti cervicem Pictor Equinam
Jungere si Velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum

VER. 4. With *Shaftsb'ry's* Mien.] *Whatever may be objected to this Performance in general, we trust the most inveterate of our Gaietyers will allow, that there are incomparable Beauties in the eight following Lines of it.*

Thy *Symmetry* sweet *Richmond*! if 'ere Art
 Could such sweet *Symmetry* as thine impart,
 Like ORANGE cloath'd with every awful Grace,
 And her *bright Soul* resplendent in the Face, 10
 Till the whole Piece should a fair *Venus* shine
 One finish'd Form, in ev'ry Part divine.
 Tho' thus with all that's *justly* pleasing fraught,
 Our *modern Connoisseurs* would scorn the Draught.

(2) Such Treatment *Pope* you must expect to find, 15
 Whilst Art, and Nature in your Works are join'd.
 'Tis not to Think with Strength, and Write with Ease,
 No—'tis the *Ægri Somnia* now must please;
 Things

Definat in p̄lce[m] mulier formosa supernè;
 Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?

(2) Credite, Pisones, isti Tabulæ fore Librum
 Persimilem, cujus velut *Ægri Somnia*, vanæ

VER. 18. *Ægri Somnia.*] *Anglice, Sick Men's Dreams.*
 We have in this Edition given a Translation of these two Words, out of
 our special Grace and Favour towards the Grubstreet Brotherhood, that so
 important a Truth might not lie buried in a Language, to them most em-
 phatically, Dead. What kind of Productions are here meant, may be seen
 by a Perusal of those surprising Entertainments which of late Years have
 so much engag'd the Notice of the Town, and which abound with more ex-
 travagant inconsistent Absurdities than ever enter'd a delirious Brain.

Things without Head, or Tail, or Form, or Grace,
 A wild, forc'd, glaring, unconnected Mass. 20
 Well! Bards (*you say*) like Painters, Licence claim,
 To dare do any thing for Bread, or — Fame.
 'Tis granted — therefore use your utmost Might,
 To gratify the Town in all you write ;
 A Thousand jarring Things together yoke, 25
 The *Dog*, the *Dome*, the *Temple*, and the *Joke*,
 Consult no Order, but for ever steer
 From grave to gay, from florid to severe.

B 2

(3) To

Fingentur Species, ut nec pes nec caput uni.
 Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque Poëtis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas ;
 Scimus, & hanc Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim :
 Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

VER. 26. The Dog, the Dome.] *In the Farce of Perseus and Andromeda, a most obscene Dance was perform'd in a Temple, before a handsome Audience of Priests and Bishops, at the same Time the ingenious Mr. Rich deputed himself very naturally in the Shape of a Dog, till a Dome rising voluntarily from under the Stage, gave him Room for another transformation by standing on the Top of it in the Guise of a Mercury, to the high Admiration and Delight of a British Audience.*

(3) To grand Beginnings full of Pomp and Show,
 Big Things profess, and Brags of what you'll do, 30
 Still some gay, glitt'ring, foreign *Gewgaws* join,
 Which, like *gilt Points* on * *Peter's Coat*, may shine;
 Descriptions which may make your Readers stare,
 And marvel how such pretty Things came There.
 So old *Dinarchus* tossing on his Bed, 35
 In dreadful Visions that his Daughter bled,
 A Friend comes in, and with Reflection deep,
 Descants upon the *Sweetness* of his Sleep ;
 When up the Sire starts trembling from his Dream,
 And straight presents you with a *purling Stream*, 40

Describes

- (3) Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis
 Purpureus late qui splendeat unus & alter
 Assuitur Pannus, cum Lucus & ara Dianæ,
 Et properantis Aquæ per amænos ambitus agros,

VER. 35. So old *Dinarchus*.] This is an Example of the foregoing Rule
 drawn from an excellent Performance of one of our Bretheren, *fil'd*, *Timo-*
leon, a Tragedy.

* Vide Tale of a Tub.

Describes the *Riv'let* roving thro' the Trees,
The dancing *Sun-beams*; and refreshing *Breeze*.

Thus ne'er regard Connection, Time, or Place,
For sweet Variety has every Grace.

Suppose you're skill'd in the *Parnassian* Art, 45
To purge the Passions, and correct the Heart,
To paint Mankind in ev'ry Light, and Stage,
Their various Humours, Characters, and Age,
To fix each Portion in its proper Place,
And give the Whole one Method, Form, and Grace; 50
What's that to us? who pay our Pence to see
The great Productions of *Profundity*,
Shipwrecks, and *Monsters*, *Conjurers*, and *Gods*,
Where every Part is with the whole at odds.

(4) With

Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus;
Sed nunc non erat his locus:

————— & fortasse Cupressum

Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exipes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cæpit
Institui, currente rotâ cur urceus exit?

Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum.

(4) With Truth and Likelihood we all are griev'd, 55
 And take most Pleasure, when we're most deceiv'd,
 Now write obscure, and let your Words move slow,
 Then with full Light, and rapid Ardor glow;
 In one Scene make your *Hero* cant, and whine,
 Then roar out *Liberty* in every Line; 60
 Vary one Thing a thousand pleasant Ways,
 Shew *Whales* in *Woods*, and *Dragons* in the *Seas*.

(5) To shun a Fault's the ready Way to fall,
 Correctness is the greatest Fault of all.

(6) What

(4) Decipimur specie recti; brevis esse labore,
 Obscurus fio: sectantem lævia nervi
 Deficiunt animique: professus grandia turget.
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam
 Delphinum Sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

(5) In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

V E R. 59. In one Scene make your *Hero* cant.] This is in many Respects an incomparable Rule; for in the first place the frequent Exclamations of O Liberty! O Freedom! O my Country! cannot but draw repeated Applause from all true Patriots, especially those distinguish'd Ones who consult on the Good of the Nation in the Court of Requests. And secondly, the fair Spectators must necessarily receive infinite Satisfaction to behold the *Hero* who is one Moment talking so big, and slaying every one round him, the next prostrate at his Mistress's Feet and imploring her Mercy.

(6) What tho' in *Pope's* harmonious Lays combine, 65

All that is lovely, noble, and divine ;

Tho' every part with Wit, and Nature glows,

And from each Line a sweet Instruction flows;

Tho' thro' the whole the *Loves*, and *Graces* smile,

Polish the Manners, and adorn the Stile? 70

Whil'st, *Vertue's* FRIEND, * *He turns the tuneful Art*

From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart,

Yet slavishly to Truth and Sense ried down,

He impotently toils to please the Town.

Heav'n grant I never write like him I mention,

Since to the *Bays* I could not make pretension, 76 }
}

Nor *Thresher*-like, hope to obtain a *Pension*.

(7) Ne'er

- (6) *Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues*
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet; hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quam prave vivere naso —

V a n. 75. Heaven grant.] *Our Author in the three following Lines, makes an Attempt to imitate the Stile of that renowned Barus-man Stephen Duck, as in the ten preceding ones he had that of Mr. Pope.*

* *Vide his Essay on Man.*

(7) N'ere wait for Subjects equal to your Might, E
 For then, 'tis ten to one you never write;
 When Hunger prompts you, take the first you meet, 80
 For who'd stand chusing when he wants to eat?
 Besides, Necessity's the keenest Whet;
 He writes most natural, who's the most in Debt.
 (8) Take then no pains a Method to Maintain,
 Or link your Work in a continu'd Chain, 85 }
 But cold, dull Order gloriously disdain.
 Now here, now there, launch boldly from your
 Theme,
 And make surprizing Novelties your Aim;

Bom-

- (7) Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res,
 Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
 (8) Ordinis hæc vertus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici

VER. 80. When Hunger prompts you.] *It has been objected to these Lines, that they contain an Insinuation, as if our Brethren liv'd by their Wits, which is said to be impossible. Besides we have many eminent Authors amongst us, who never knew what it was to be Hungry, and whose Poetry is more like the Overflowings of a full Stomach, than the keen Remembrances of an empty one.*

Bombast and Farce, the Sock and Buskin blend,
Begin with *Bluster*, and with *Lewdness* end. 90

(9) In coining Words your own discretion use;
For coin you must to suit the *modern* Muse.
New Terms adapted to the Purpose bring,
When *Eagles* are to talk, or *Asses* sing.
No matter that from *Greece*, or *Rome* they come, 95
An *English* Poet scorns to go from *Home*.
Why should to modern *Tibbald* be denied ?
What ancient *Settle* would have own'd with *Pride*.

C

Or

Pleraque differat, & presens in Tempus omittat.

- (9) In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddideret Junctura novum; si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter:
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadunt parca detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, addemptum
Virgilio Varioque. —

VER. 94. When *Eagles* are to talk.] *Birds, Beasts, and Animals of all kinds have of late been frequently introduc'd on the several Stages of this Metropolis, and perform'd their Parts with incredible Success; So that I have known an Eagle speak a Speech with more Applause than ever was paid to Booth, and an Ass bray forth a piece of Recitativo more to the Satisfaction of the Audience, than the best Performance of a Seniseno or Cuzzoni would have been.*

Or why should any blame, or envy me?

For writing a new *Art of Poetry*;

100

Since Modern Bards afford such precious Store

Of Rules and Beauties never known before.

For as the stately Oaks that late were seen

Proudly compacted, eminently green,

Robb'd of their leafy Honours, stragling bow,

105

Their hoary Heads beneath the falling Snow;

So Nature, Wit, and Sense must *blasted* fall,

Whilst *blooming* Ignorance prevails o'er all.

No *Work* so great, but what admits decay,

No *Art* so glorious, but must fade away.

110

Blas-

———. Ego cur acquirere pauca,
Si possum, invidor? cùm lingua Catonis & Rumi
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum præsentè notâ producere nomen.
Ut Silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ita Verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et Juvenum rita florent modò nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus

Blenheim's vast Pile shall moulder into Dust,
 And *George's* Statues be consum'd by Rust;
 Old things must yield to *New*, *Common* to *Strange*,
 Perpetual Motion, brings perpetual Change.
 Lo! *Shakefpear's* Head is crush'd by *Rich's* Heels, 115
 And a throng'd Theatre in *Goodman's* Fields;
 Lo! *Smithfield* Shows a *polish'd* Court engage,
 And *Hurlothrumbo* charms the *knowing* Age.
 Since Manners alter thus, the *modish* Muse,
 Themes suited to the reigning Taste should chuse: 120
 What Bard for *starving* Sense would suffer Death?
 When *fruitful* Folly is th' *Establish'd Faith*.

C 2

(10) The

Terrâ Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus: sterilisve diu palus, aptaque Remis,
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum.
 ——— Mortalia facta peribunt,
 Nedum Sermonum stet honos, & gratia Vivax.
 Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore Vocabula, si Volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

VER. 118. *And Hurlothrumbo.*] *A famous Dramatical Performance,*
in which the Ingenious Author, perform'd the Principal Part, and
danc'd, sung, and play'd on the Fiddle all at once, before crowded Audiences,
to the twentieth Night.

(10) The Way to write of Heroes, and of Kings,
 And sing in *wond'rous* Numbers, *wond'rous* Things ;
 Of mighty Matters done in bloody Battle, 125
 How Arms meet Arms, Swords clash, and Cannons
 rattle,
 How such strange Toils, and Turmoils to rehearse,
 Is learnt from *Blackmore's* everlasting Verse.

(11) To sing of Shepherds, and of Shepherdesses,
 Their awkward Humours, Dialogues, and Dresses: 130
 The manner how they Plow, and Sow, and Reap,
 * *How filly they, more filly than their Sheep,*

In

(10) Res gestæ Regumque Ducumque, & tristia Bella
 Quo scribi possunt numero, monstravit Homerus.

(11) Versibus impariter junctis querimonia Primum,
 Post etiam Inclusa est Voti Sententia compos.

VER. 126. How Arms meet Arms.] In Imitation of the following
wonderful Lines of that celebrated Author,

*Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions clash,
 And Sparks of Fire struck out from Armour clash ;
 Naked and half burnt Hills with hideous Wreck,
 Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's back.*

¶ *Two Lines in Phillips's Pastorals.*

In Mantles blue, can trip it o'er the Green,

In Namby Pamby's Past'rals may be seen.

(12) Tibbald in Mail compleat of Dullness clad, 135

Half Bard, half Puppet-man, half Fool, half Mad,

Rose next to charm the Ear, and please the Eye,

With ev'ry Monster bred beneath the Sky;

His great Command Earth's Salvages obey,

And ev'ry dreadful Native of the Sea ; 140

Amaz'd we view (by his strange Pow'r convey'd)

Pluto's dark Throne, and Hell's tremendous Shade;

Then change the Scene, and lo! Heaven's bright
Abodes,

We dance with Goddeses, and sing with Gods ;

Encore,

(12) Archilocus proprio rabies armavit iambe
Hunc Soci cepere pedem, grandisque cothurni,

VER. 138. With ev'ry Monster.] *All the entertaining Absurdities in the six following Lines, were actually represented in the Rape of Proserpine and other Farces, and exhibited, for 30 Nights successively, to the general Satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of Great Britain.*

Encore, Encore, rings thro' the raptur'd Round, 145

Encore, Encore, the ecchoing Roofs resound.

(13) *The Sacred Nine* first gave th' uncommon luck,

To charm the Royal Ear, to *Stephen Duck*;

To sing the *Thresher's Labours*, and recite

Things done by *Man of God* for *Skunamite*. 150

Laborious *Duck*! who with prodigious Pain,

Hast thresh'd from thy coarse, tough, hard-yielding
brain,

A most abundant Crop of golden Grain.

But which of these the *Laureat's Wreath* shall
wear,

From their *like Merit* cannot well appear, 155

Till deep, discerning *G—ton* shall declare.

*Alternis aptum Sermonibus, & populares
Vincentem strepitus —*

(13) *Musa dedit fidibus Divos, Puerosque Deorum
Et pugilem Victorem, & Equum certamine primum,
Et Juvenum Curas, & libera Vina referre.
Quis tamen exiguos emisit elegos Auctor
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est.*

VER. 148. To *Stephen Duck*.] *The remarkable story of this famous
Wiltshire Thresher turn'd Bard, and what happen'd thereupon, is so re-
cent in every one's Memory that we deem there's no occasion to recount it here.*

VER. 154. But which of these.] *When these Lines were first wrote, the
Place of Poet-Laureat was Vacant by the Demise of the Reverend Mr.
Eusden, and since bestow'd on Colley Cibber, Esq.*

(14) If ignorant then of these *new* Ways to Fame,
 ou'll ne'er acquire the Poet's sacred Name.
 our Readers Tastes you must with Care discern,
 nd never be *too ignorant* to learn. 164
 et *Comick* Wit be wrote in *Tragick* Verse,
 nd *doleful* Tales be shewn in *hum'rous* Farce,
 assign no Place to a peculiar Part,
 for brook the Bondage of laborious Art;
 ut vary oft your Method, and your Stile, 164
 et one Scene make us weep, the other smile,
 suits the various Tempers of our Isle.

(15) 'Tis

- 4) Descriptas Servare vices, Operumque colores,
 Cur ego si nequeo Ignoroque, Poeta salutor?
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?
 Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult,
 Indignatur item privatis ac prope Socco
 Dignis Carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ,
 Singula quæque locum teneant Sortita decenter.
 Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit,
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.

VER. 166. Let one Scene make us weep.] *This Rule is strictly observ'd by most of our modern Dramatick Writers. Their Comedies have such very Sad scenes in them, that they seldom fail to draw Tears from the tender and compassionate Part of the Audience, whilst on the contrary their Tragedies are so pleasant and diverting, that the Spectators can't refrain from frequently bursting into a Laugh.*

(15) 'Tis not enough that Show, and Sing-song meet,

The Ladies look for something *soft*, and *sweet*:

That ev'ry tender Sentiment can move. 178

And fix their Fancies on the *Part* they Love.

In *Perseus* this was to Perfection done,

The *Dance* was very *moving* they must own.

(16) But if you must be foolishly severe,

And in dull Morals madly persevere; 175

If Sense, and Decency you still will keep,

No wonder if your Audience his, or sleep.

Your Words should ne'er be suited to your Theme,

The Sound a *Contrast* to the Sense should seem.

A merry Grinn sets off a *dismal* Tale, 180

Weep when you *jest*, and *giggle* while you *rail*.

For

(15) Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, Dulcia sunt:
Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunto.

(16) ——— malè si mandata Loqueris
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo, Tristia moestum
Vultum verba decent, iratum Plena minarum,
Ludentem lasciva, severum seria dictu.

For wanton Nature forms the human Mind,
 Still fond of *Wonders*, and to *Change* inclin'd ;
Plain Sense we fly, *strange Nonsense* to pursue,
 And leave *old Follies*, but to grasp at *New*; 185
One hour we court, what we the *next* refuse,
 And loath to morrow, what to day we chuse :
 Now we are grave, then gay — now wing'd with
 Joy,
 Then sunk in Grief — and all we know not why.

D

The

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum ; Juvat aut impellit ad iram

VER. 182. For wanton Nature.] *Regreious are the Blunders of all our Commentators on the following Lines; erroneously taking them in a literal Sense, they have stigmatiz'd them as a virulent Invektive on human Nature. Groundless and absurd! Is not the whole Poem an Irony? Ought not these Lines therefore to be constru'd by the rule of Reverse, and doth not our Bard, then, in this place, sing loudly in Laud of his Fellow-Creatures, and hold forth the present spotless Generation, as replete with Honour, Integrity, Prudence, Generosity, and a long & cætera of Vertues? In this Light we doubt not but these Verses will be look'd on by every well-dispos'd good-natur'd Reader, and to the Truth of which we trust he will readily accord.*

The Things we hunt, are Pleasure, Wealth, and
Fame, 190

But a wrong Scent still cheats us of the Game ;

For different Objects, different Aims excite,

And still we think the last Opinion right :

To Craft, Deceit, and Selfishness inclin'd,

We never let the Face betray the Mind ; 195

But then look fairest, when we mean most Ill,

And *Syrens* like we only smile — to kill :

By Interest sway'd, each Word is full of Art,

And still the Tongue runs counter to the Heart.

(17) From all restraint your Characters set free, 200

Nor, with their Fortune, make their Words agree.

We hate a Piece where Truth and Nature meet,

Scorn what is real, but enjoy deceit ;

An

Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:
Post effert animi motus interprete Lingua.

(17) Si dicentis erunt fortunis absœna dicta,

and always give the most Applause to those,
Who on our very Senses most impose. 205

(18) Take then no Pains resemblance to pursue,
Give us but something very strange, and new,
I will entertain the more — that 'tis *not true*.

If great Sir *Robert's* Character you'd feign,
Describe him mean, revengeful, thoughtless, vain; 210
A thousand monstrous Accusations bring,
False to his *Friends*, his *Country*, and his *King*.

Ingraceful giving, in *refusing* Sour,
An *Wolfey* in, a *Cat'line* out of Power;
The *Church's* downfall, and the *State's* Disease, 215
A *Turk*, a *Jew*, a *Fiend*, a — what you please.

D 2

No

Romani tollent Equites peditesque cachinnum.
(18) Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. Honoratum si forté reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;

Make *weekly Patriots* free from Envy seem,
 And publick Good their *Thought*, as well as *Theme*.
 Call *Dorset* vain, firm *Wilmington* a Tool,
Cooper a Churl, and *Dodington* a Fool. 220
 Make *Chesterfield* nor witty, nor polite,
Argile unable or to speak, or fight.
Wager the *Just* from *Vertue's* Paths clope,
 And *Montagu* a downright *Misanthrope*.
Talbot, the Boast and Blessing of the Age! 225
 On friendless *Merit's* Side must ne'er engage;
 No proud Oppressor dread his awful Name,
 Nor injur'd Right his just *Decrees* proclaim,

No

Sit *Medea* ferox invictaque; flebilis *Ino*,
 Perfidus *Ixion*, Io vaga, tristis *Orestes*.

VER. 199. *Misanthrope*.] A Man-hater, a Character the most contrary
 imaginable to that of the noble Personage to whom it is here apply'd; whose
 singular Humanity and Candor, cannot fail of calling down upon him
 such Appellations as this from the Harlequin Authors of the Bathos.

No *Orphan* Voice should grateful Pæans raise,
 Nor *Widow'd* Hands be lifted in his Praise; 230
 But Partial, Proud, Ambitious, be describ'd,
 By Passion govern'd, and by Interest brib'd.

(19) But if some untry'd Story you would chuse,
 And in new Characters employ your Muse;
 Draw each be sure as monstrous as you can, 235
 Something betwixt a *Chartres* and a Man.
 True to it self let no one Image be,
 Nor the Beginning with the End agree;
 From first to last write on without Design,
 And give us some new Wonder in each Line. 240

(20) 'Tis

(19) Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
 Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
 Qualis ab incæpto processerit, & sibi constet.

(20) 'Tis difficult a well-known Tale to tell,
 It won't admit Variety so well;
 But if you bring a *Scotch*, or *Irish* Story,
 You'll never fail to please both *Whig* and *Tory* :
 Then other's Labours you may make your own, 24 —
 Steal every Word, nor fear its being known ;
 For if the *Owner* should your Theft explore,
 E'en cry *Thief* first, like honest *Jemmy More*.

(21) Let lofty Language your Beginning grace,
 And still set out with a gigantick Pace ; 25
 In

(20) Difficile est propriè communia dicere : tuque
 Rectius Illiacum Carmen deducis in actus.
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
 Publica materies privati Juris erit, Si
 Nec circa Vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,
 Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpret, nec desilies Imitator in arctum
 Unde Pedem proferre pudor Vetet, aut Operis Lex.

(21) Nec sic incipies ut Scriptor Cyclicus olim,

VER. 220. Like honest Jemmy More.] *This worthy Brother having pilfer'd some Manuscript Verses from an Eminent Writer, and publish'd them as his own, when they appear'd under the Name of the real Author, made no Scruple to turn the Theft from himself, and in the Integrity of his Heart accuse the other as the Plagiary.*

In thund'ring Lines your *no Design* rehearse.

And rant, and rumble in a Storm of Verse.

It ne'er can fail to charm a crowded House,

To see the lab'ring Mountain yield a Mouse.

We're pleas'd to find the *great*, th' *important*, *Day*,

Produce a Jig, a Wedding, or a Fray ; 256

* *As if the old World modestly withdrew,*

And here in private had brought forth a New ;

Profoundly judging with the antient Sire,

That where there is much Smoke, must be some Fire.

(22) 'Tis therefore your's to keep the Mind in

Doubt, 261

And never let your Meaning quite come out ;

To

Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile Bellum ;

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?

Parturient montes nascetur ridiculus mus.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare Lucem

Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc Miracula promat.

{22} Semper ad eventum festinat ; & in medias res,

Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit ; & quæ.

* *Two Lines in the Indian Emperor.*

To shun the least approach of Light with Care,
And turn, and double like a hunted Hare.

To hide your whole Design make some Pretence,
And spare no Pains to keep us in suspense; 266
Leave out no Nonsense, and you cannot fail
To make your work have neither Head nor Tail.

(23) If anxious to delight the list'ning Throng,
Their strict Attention, and loud Claps prolong; 270
If ev'ry Rank, and Sect you would engage,
Ne'er suit your Manners to the Sex, or Age.
To write in Character is not requir'd;
The more uncommon, 'tis the more admir'd.

(24) A Boy that just can go alone, and prattle,
Should fly his *Play-fellows* and scorn his *Rattle*. 276

Like

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit;
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

(23) Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.

(24) Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram

Like little *W—m*, boast true *Engliſh* Spirit,
 And gravely talk of Vertue, Senſe, and Merit;
 Converſe with Patriots, and *Politicians*,
 And rail at *Dunkirk*, *Hannover*, and *Heſſians*. 286

(25) The beardless Youth as wanton as a Squirrel,
 Juſt free'd from Diſcipline of Rod, and Ferrel,
 Should ſagely caſt his jovial Sports away,
 Renounce his Wenching, Drinking, Dogs, and Play,
 Copy the *ſtinky Duke* ſo young and thrifty, 285
 And look, and talk, a very *Don* of Fifty.

(26) One of that Age at which 'tis made a Rule,
 That each Man's a Phyſician, or a Fool;

E Wild

Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.

(25) Imberbis Juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
 Gaudet equis canibuſque & aprici gramine campi
 Cereus in in vitium ſecſti, monitoribus aſper,
 Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
 Sublimis, cupiduſque, & amata relinquere pernix.

(26) Converſis ſtudiis ætas animuſque virilis

Wild as old wanton *Clodio* should appear; 290

Void of Ambition, innocent of Fear;

Nor Fame, nor Friendship, nor Preferment mind,

So *Jowler* prove but staunch, and *Phillis* kind.

(27) Old Age in youthful Pleasures should delight,
And like grim *Chartres* Drink, Wench, Game, and
Bite;

Have each weak Side supported by a Whore, 290

And ravish *Drury-Virgins* by the Score.

For 'tis, you know, an uncontested Truth,

That Age is nothing but a second Youth.

Dejecting Thought! that all the Toil and Cares

Which Youth's employ'd in, all our Hopes, and Fears,

The

Quærit opes & amicitias, intervrit honori,
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

(27) Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod Res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat;
Dilator, spe longus, inners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, Laudator temporis acti

The Wealth, Fame, Knowledge, Honour, we obtain,

Pass a few Years, are useless found, and vain.

Thus Truth and Nature you must still neglect,

For those Things please us most we least expect;

To see *Sixteen*, like old Sir *Gilbert*, scrape, 305

And *Sixty* sent to *Newgate* for a Rape.

(28) Next shun with Care, the Rule prescrib'd of
old,

That Things too strange, should not be shewn, but
told.

E 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000

Se puero, censor castigatoreque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte seniles
Mandentur Juveni partes, pueroque Viriles,
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabitur aptis.

(28) Aut agitur res in Scenis, aut acta refertur;
Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,

VER. 306. And Sixty sent to Newgate for a Rape.] *A certain notorious Colonel, who after having, with Impunity, been guilty of diverse Misdemeanors highly worthy of the Gallows, was at last sentenc'd to it for one which he was not capable of committing; being sent to Newgate and condemn'd at the Old Baily for a Rape, when full Threescore Years old, and well nigh Bed-ridden withal. Aptly therefore may we here transcribe the following Lines from our dear Flaccus.*

Rarò antecedentem Scelestum
Deferuit pede pæna Claudio.

Can quell our Rage, and pacify our Cares,
Revive old Hopes, and banish present Fears;
Lighten, like Wine, the bitter Load of Life 335
And make each Wretch forget his *Debts*—and *Wife*.

(32) In Days of Old when *Englishmen* were — *Men*,
Their Musick, like themselves, was grave, and plain;
The manly Trumpet, and the simple Reed,
Alike with *Citizen*, and *Swain* agreed, 340
Whose Songs in lofty Sense, but humble Verse,
Their Loves, and Wars alternately rehearse;
Sung by themselves, their homely Cheer to crown,
In Tunes from Sire to Son deliver'd down.

But now, since *Britains* are become polite, 345
Since some have learnt to *read*, and some to *write*;

Since

Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia Portis;
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

(32) Tibi non, ut nunc, Orichalco vincta, Tubæque
Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco,
Aspirare & addesse Choris erat utilis, atque

Since Trav'ling has so much improv'd our *Beaux*,
 That each brings home a foreign *Tongue*, or — *Nose*;
 And Ladies paint with that amazing Grace,
 That their best *Vizard* is their natural *Face*; 350
 Since *South-Sea Schemes* have so enrich'd the Land,
 That *Footmen* 'ganst their *Lords* for *Boroughs* stand;
 Since *Masquerades* and *Opera's* made their Entry,
 And *Heydegger* and *Handell* rul'd our Gentry;
 A hundred different Instruments combine, 355
 And foreign *Songsters* in the Concert join:
 The *Gallick Horn*, whose winding Tube, in vain
 Pretends to emulate the *Trumpet's* Strain;

The

Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu:
 Quo sane Populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castusque Verecundusque coibat.
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
 Latior amplecti murus, Vinoque diurno
 Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,
 Accessit numerisque modisque libentia major;

The shrill-ton'd Fiddle, and the warbling Flute,
 The grave Bassoon, deep Base, and tinkling Lute, 360
 The jingling Spinnet, and the full-mouth'd Drum,
 A Roman Weather and Venetian Strum,
 All league, melodious Nonsense to dispense,
 And give us Sound, and Show, instead of Sense;
 In unknown Tongues mysterious Dullness chant, 365
 Make Love in Tune, or thro' the Gamut rant.

(33) Long labour'd Rich, by Tragick Verse to gain
 The Town's Applause — but labour'd long in vain;

At

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit Eloquium insolitum facundia præceps:
 Utiliumque sagax rerum & divina futuri
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

(33) Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob Hircum,
 Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper

VER. 365. In unknown Tongues.] Our Author would not be thought here to inveigh against Musick in general; far be that from any one whose Soul delighteth itself in the Exercitations of harmonious Metre. He only lamenteth, therefore, that this delectable Art, which if well apply'd, is capable of adding a Charm to Sense, and a Force to Instruction, should so frequently be made subservient to Obscenity and Nonsense, or Jesuitically confin'd, like false Devotion, to an unknown Tongue.

length he wisely to his Aid call'd in,
 the *active Mime* and *checker'd Harlequin*. 370
 nor rul'd by Reason, nor by Law restrain'd,
 in all his Shows, Lowdowns and Scandal reign'd;
 Peers, Prelates, Commons, all alike they roaft,
 from Knight of Garter, down to Knight of Post;
 paid no regard to any Rank or Station, 375
 e'en mock'd the solemn Rites of Coronation.
 Lords, Knights, and Ladies who but late were seen
 with Regal Pomp, and Eminence of Mien;
 lumes on their Heads that dar'd the very Skie,
 ribbands and Stars that dazzl'd every Eye; 380

F

The Trains

Incolunt gravitate jocum tentavit, et quod
 Illecebris erat & gratia novitate morandus
 Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.
 Verum ita riores ita commendare dicaces,
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere Seria Ludo,
 Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper & Ostro

VER. 376. Yea mock'd the solemn Rites of Coronation.] Soon after
 the Coronation of their present Majesties, there was a pompous Representation
 the Solemnity, and Procession, exhibited at the Theatre in Drury-
 ic, which Mr. Rich took occasion to Burlesque in the Manner here
 cri'd.

Trains that with Gold and Purple swept the
Ground,

And *Musick* like the Sphere's celestial Sound ;

Here strip'd of all, in homely guise appear,

Knights Hempen-frings, and *Ladies Pattens* wear ;

The good *Lord Mayor*, as erst, devouring *Custard*, 385

And *Musick*, as when *City-Bands* are muster'd.

Ay, this will do ! the throng'd *Spectator* cries ;

Ay, this will do ! enlighten'd *Rich* replies ;

Shakespear, *Rowe*, *Johnson*, now are quite undone,

These are thy *Triumphs*, thy *Exploits*, O *Lun !*

Thou then, O Bard ! who would'st attempt to
please,

Give us such fine, fantastick Things as these ;

Mak

Migret in obscuras, humili sermone, Tabernat.
Effutire leves indigna Tragoedia Versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,

Make our grave *Matrons* as unseemly Dance,
And talk as Lewd as *Mademoiselles de France*, 390

(34) Who'ere would *Comedy* or *Satire* write,
Must never spare *Obscenity*, and *Spite*:

A *Quantum sufficit* of Smut, will raise
Crowds of Applauders to the dullest Plays;

Whilst gross Scurrillity, and pure ill Nature, 395
Are found the best *Ingredients* for a *Satire*.

But he that would in *Buskins* tread the Stage,
With *Rant*, and *Fustian*, must divert the Age,
And *Boschi* like, be always in a Rage. }

F 2

In

Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

(34) Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaque Pisones, Satyrorum Scriptor amabo;

VER. 399. And *Boschi* like.] A useful Performer for several Years in the Italian Opera's, for if any of the Audience chanc'd unhappily to be lull'd to sleep by these soothing Entertainments, he never fail'd of rousing them up again, and by the extraordinary Fury both of his Voice and Action, made it manifest, that, tho' only a Taylor by Profession, he was nine times more a Man than any of his Fellow Warblers.

In *Blood* and *Wounds* the *Galleries* most delight, 40

Who think all *Virtue* is to storm, and fight;

Whilst *Plumes*, gilt *Truncheons*, *bloody Ghosts* and

Thunder,

Engage the *Boxes* to behold and — wonder,

Confound all *Characters*, no difference make

If noble *York*, or blund'ring *Gripus* speak; 401

York with strong *Sense* and pow'rful *Rhet'rick* crown'd

Unmeaning *Gripus* rich in nought but *Sound*.

So puzzle well known *Things*, that all may own,

Such *Wonders* could be done by you alone:

So much surprizing *Novelty* prevails, 410

And adds such *Honours* to the meanest *Tales*.

(35) Lc

Nec sic enim Tragico differre colori

Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, & audax

Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone Talentum:

An cultos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar ut sibi quis

Speret idem. Sudet multum, frustraue laboret

Ausus idem. Tantum Series juncturaque pollet,

Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

(35) Let Country *Clodpoles* just come up to Town,

Well-bred, Polite, and Elegant, be shewn;

Talk Blasphemy and Lewdness, with a *Port*,

As if they had been born, and bred at Court: 415

To see all Nature with such Art inverted,

Tom and my *Lord* will be alike diverted;

Let Criticks snarl they never can redress,

For worthy Leave is giv'n you to transgress.

(36) But hold, wife Sir, for that *your leave* we

crave,

420

What shan't we shew the little Wit we have?

Shall *we* (*you cry*) learn writing ill by *Rule*,

And have we need to Study to be *Dull*?

Yes —

(35) *Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis ac pene forenses,
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta:
Offenduntur enim quibus est Equus & Pater & Res.
Et data Romanis Venia est indigna Poetis.*

(36) *Idcircone vager scribamque licenter? an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus, & intra
Spem Veniæ cautus?*

Yes — when the greatest Merit's want of Sense,
 The least faint glimpse of Reason gives offence: 4:
 Besides, who'd read the *Antients* Night and Day,
 And toil to follow where they lead the Way?
 Who'd write, and cancel with alternate Pain,
 First sweat to build, then to pull down again?
 To turn the weigh'd Materials o'er and o'er, 43
 And every Line, in ev'ry Light explore,
 From Sense, and Nature never to depart,
 And labour *artfully*, to cover *Art*:
 Who'd seek to run such *rugged* Roads as these?
 When *smooth Stupidity's* the Way to please; 43
 When gentle *Cary's* Singfongs more delight,
 Than all a *Dryden* or a *Pope* can write.

(37) O

————— Vitavi denique Culpam,
 Non laudem merui. Vos Exemplaria Græca
 Nocturnâ versâte manu, versâte Diurnâ
 At nostrî proavi Plautinos & numeros &
 Laudavere sales.

(37) Our antient Tragedy was void of Art,
 Shewn by some merry *Briton* in a Cart,
 Whose naked Tribe of *Saxons*, *Scots*, and *Picts*, 440
 Sung Songs like *Lev'ridge*, and like *Rich* play'd
 Tricks.

(38) Then *Shakefpear* rose in a politer Age,
 And plac'd his well-drefs'd Actors on a Stage,
 Taught them to move with Grace, and speak with
 Art,

To charm the Passions, and engage the Heart ; 445

(39) Next laughing Comedy with awkward Grace,
 Began to shew its rediculing Face,

But

(37) Ignotum Tragicæ Genus invenisse Camœnæ
 Dicitur, & Plaustris vexisse poemata Theſpis,
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.

(38) Post hunc Personæ pallæquæ repertor honestæ
 Æschylus, & modicis intravit Pulpita tignis;
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.

(39) Succedit Vetus his Comædia, non sine multa
 Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, & Vim

But taking too much Freedom with the *Great*,
In *Polly's Opera* receiv'd its Fate.

(40) Our *English* Bards have left untry'd no Ways, 450
No Stone unturn'd in the pursuit of Praise;
But bravely launching from the *Antient's* Road,
In Paths peculiar to themselves have trod;
Till *Brittain* now like famous is become,
For *Arms Abroad*, and *Poetry at Home*. 455

Some Fools indeed amongst us yet remain,
Who think to mend their Works by Time; and Pain;
Much Care, and Reading, their Productions cost,
Much Care and Reading now, is *so much* lost:

Take

Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta: Chorusque
Türpiter obticuit, sublato Jure nocendi.
(40) Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetæ
Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
Ausî deserere, & celebrare domestica facta:
Nec vertute foret clarisve potentius armis,
Quàm linguâ Latium, si non offenderet unum
Quemque Poetarum Limæ Labor & mora — Vos ô
Pompilius Sanguis Carmem reprehendite quod non,

VER. 449. In *Polly's Opera*.] *A Dramatick Performance written by the Author of the celebrated Begger's Opera, which was forbidden to be acted on account of some political Reflections contain'd in it.*

That need to touch, re-touch, to prune, or add, 460

to raise the *Good*, or to reject the *Bad*;

When one wild *stragling* Thought, one lucky *Hit*

Vill serve instead of Judgment, Sense, and Wit.

besides in striving to patch *one* Fault o'er,

like *Tinkers*, you'd but make a *hundred* more. 465

(41) Most Readers love romantick Flights alone,

and scorn a Piece where Art, and Judgement's shewn;

or think that any Man can be a Poet,

unless his frantick Looks, and Actions shew it.

therefore you would gain the sacred Name, 470

and with the *Mob* immortalize your Fame;

G

Bd

Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies castigavit ad unguem.

- (1) Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poëtas
Democritus, Bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non Barbam; secreta petit loca; Balnea vitat;
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poetæ
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonfori Licino commiserit. —————

Be sure that like *mere* Men you ne'er be seen,
 Good-natur'd, cheerful, mannerly, or clean;
 But slovenly, and thoughtful walk the Street,
 Talk to your self, and know no Friend you meet.
 As for my self, I'm far from being nice, 476
 And practise often what I here advise;
 At Shop, or Stall of Stationer appear,
 With tatter'd Habit, and abstracted Air;
 Now fiercely gazing, now in Thought profound, 480
 My Eyes or at the Stars, or on the Ground.
 Not that I dare to Poetry pretend,
 But boast at most to be the Poet's Friend,
 To *whet* them on to write, and like the *Hone*,
 Give others Edge, tho' I my self have none; 485

To

————— O ego lævas
 Qui purgo Bilem sub verni Temporis horam :
 Ergo fungar vice cotis ; acuturo
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.

To point them out the most successful Ways,
To purchase *Pudding*, and to purchase *Praise*.

Hear then, ye Bards, with close Attention hear,
(You that are bless'd with a remaining *Ear*;) ·
Learn hence what Paths to quit, or to pursue, 490
To gain the False, and to avoid the True;
Learn hence new Ways, and Wonders to explore,
And write as Poets never wrote before.

(42) A thorough Knowledge of the Court, and
Town,

Is the grand *Nostrum* to acquire Renown; 495
Let *Novels*, *Satires*, and *Lampoons* be read,
And with the *Weekly Journals* fill your Head.
A Bard well skill'd in the Affairs of State,
And all th' Intrigues, and Knaveries of the Great ;

G 2

Who

Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:
Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetque Poetam.
(42) Scribendi recte Sapere est principium & fons;
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt offendere Chartæ,

Who knows the solemn Promises they make, 500

They do—for no one Purpose but to break ;

Their talk of *publick* Good, and *future* Fame,

Means *present* Profit all, and *private* Aim ;

That all the filial Piety they have,

They long to bury in their *Father's* Grave, 505

And all the Brotherly Regards they bear,

Consist in Hopes of soon commencing *Heir*.

Who knows what *Members* for their Voices paid,

And what, by *Pique* and *Patriotism* led,

Sell their dear Country for Revenge or — Bread. 510

What

Qui didicit Patri quid debeat, & quid amicis,
Quo sit amore Parens, quo frater amandus, & Hospes,
Quod sit conscripti, quod Judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profecto
Reddere Personæ scit convenientia cuique.

VER. 509. Patriotism] An antient Word with a modern Signification : For whereas in Days of Yore it denoted a Generous Disposition in a Man towards Serving the Publick, now, these Times of Reversing are come ; it importeth a more provident One towards Serving Himself ; and is indiscriminately made use of by each Party when out of Power (which Party is always presum'd to be in the Right) in order to consecrate their Opposition to that which is in.

What *Judge* who, while he hangs the needy *Knave*,
 For a *plum Hundred* will the rich One save;
 And what fierce *Captain* when commanded out,
 Resigns his Post, or *counterfeits the Gout*,
 A Bard, I say, with such *Acquirements stor'd*, 515
 Can draw a *Jilt*, a *Sharper*, or a *Lord*;
 And private Scandals better entertain,
 Than all the Sweat and Labour of the Brain.

(43) The *Greeks*, dull Souls! so greedy were of
 Fame,

They starv'd the *Body* to preserve the *Name*: 520
 They scorn'd forsooth to suit the vulgar Taste,
 Their Labours to Posterity must last,
 And, for the present, they must — what? why fast.

Thank

Respicere Exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces;
 Interdum Speciosa locis morataque recte,
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
 Quàm Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
 (43) Graiis Ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, præter Laudem nullius avaris.

Thank Heaven we're blest'd with more *substantial*
Sense,

And take most Pleasure, when we count the *Pence*; 525

Let wicked *Heathens* be so proud, and vain,

A Christian Poet's Godliness is *gain*.

Eat much, drink more, think none, but write away,

Thus you'll unite the *Pleasure* and the *Pay*.

Of Bulk alone your Printer is a Judge, 530

Nor a large Price, for many Sheets can grudge;

Your Readers too you better can impose on,

Whilst the long, tedious, puz'ling *Time* they doze on,

(44) When-

Romani pueri longis rationibus affem

Discunt in partes centum diducere——

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ:

Aut fimul & Jucunda & idonea dicere Vitæ.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis, ut cito dicta

Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles;

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

(44) When'ere for sake of sweet Variety,

You'd draw some Wonder, or diverting Lie, 535

Fly far from *heavy* Probability ;

And shew *Tom Thumb*, the more Surprize to give,

From the *Cows Maw*, thrown up again alive.

(45) To please alone employ your Thoughts and

Care,

Nor Age, nor Youth, will admonition bear; 540

Your preaching moral Dunce we always flight,

And read not for Instruction, but Delight.

(46) 'Tis

(44) *Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris:*

Neu pransæ Lamiz vivum Puerum extrahat alvo.

(45) *Centuriæ Seniorum agitant expertia frugis:*

Celli prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.

VER 538. From the *Cows Maw*.] *This piece of Advice has been literally follow'd since the first Publication of this Poem. The Directors of the several Theatres having reviv'd the Farce of Tom Thumb, with an additional Scene of this Marvellous Incident, wherein the Cow is said to have perform'd her Part beyond Expectation, and disgorg'd her little Inhabitant in full Health and Vigour, and in a Manner entirely Satisfactory to the transported Spectators. A sufficient Encouragement, we presume, to every Bard to persevere in all the Rules laid down in our Work.*

(46) 'Tis then, and then alone the Point you
gain,

When no one Precept in your Works remain,
But *Ribaldry*, and *Scandal* lawless Reign. 545

Thus shall you reap the Profit you pursue,
And *Curl* get Money by the Copy too ;

Thus shall all *Drury* in your Praise combine,
And distant *Goodman's Fields* their Pæans join ;

So far *Barbadoes* shall re-sound your Fame, 550
And ev'n *transported Felons* know your Name.

(47) Yet if by *chance*, you here and there im-
part,

Some Sparks of Wit, or Glimmerings of Art ;

If

(46) Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo ;
Hic meret æra liber Sociis : hic & mare transit.
(47) Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus ;

VER. 552. Yet if by *Chance*.] This is a Misfortune which will some-
times happen to the greatest of our Brethren, and those who are best skill'd
in the laws of the Bathos, but the good-natur'd Reader will have Can-
dor enough to conclude, that it is not occasion'd by any Misleadings of their own
Genius, but rather by some Plunder from the Parnassian Writers inadvertently
cast in, without having first receiv'd their metamorphosing Stamp.

If by *mistake* you *blunder* upon Sense,

Good Nature will forgive the first Offence; 555

No *String* will always give the Sound requir'd,

Nor *Shaft* fly faithful to the Point desir'd.

If that your Works are generally fraught,

With *pompous* Show, and *shallowness* of Thought;

If hum'rous Point, smooth Verse, and forc'd Conceit, 560

With *soothing* Sound, and *solid* Nonsense meet:

We shall not be offended with one Fault,

Thro' *Want* of Negligence, or *Pain* of Thought:

But think not that an Audience will excuse

The *Drudge* that *purposely* dull Sense pursues, 565

H

That

Nam neque chorda Sonum reddat quem vult manus & mens,
Nec temper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus:
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quos aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura; quid ergo?

That *Young* or *Thompson* like, will never write,
Unless at once to profit, and delight.

The best may err 'tis true, and seem to creep,
Long Labours sink the brightest Souls in sleep;
I'm griev'd to find even *Cheshire Jonson* nod, 570
And sometimes shew the absence of the God.

(48) Painting and Poetry should still agree,
Some Pictures best far off, some near, we see;
So when the Tricks of *Faustus* are presented,
If plac'd too nigh my Pleasure is prevented; 575

I see

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, veniam caret: & citharædus
Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eadem;
Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,
Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror, & idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

(48) Ut Pictura Poësis erit; quæ si proprius stes
Te capiet magis; & quædam, si longius abstes;

VER. 566. That *Young* or *Thompson* like.] *The First of these Gentlemen was Author of the Universal Passion, a very beautiful Set of Satires, and several other Instructive and Entertaining Pieces. Mr. Thompson's excellent Poems in Miltonick Verse, are too universally known and admir'd, to admit of any particular Mention here. We are inform'd, that this Gentleman is about publishing some poetical Essays on Liberty, and we may venture to Prophecy, that his Pen will be found equal to the Subject.*

VER. 570. *Cheshire Johnson.*] *Author of Hurllothrumbo and other Pieces altogether as wonderful; of which see the Note on VER. 118.*

I see the *Strings* by which the Feats are done,
 And quickly find no *Conjurer* in *Lun*.
 If *Ghosts* appear make *dark* the solemn Scene,
 But in full *Light* let *Goddesses* be seen ;
 Poor *Bays's* Opera scarce would bear *one* View. 580
 But *Gay's* repeated *Sixty-times*, was new.

(49) O! *Dennis*, eldest of the scribbling Throng,
 Tho' skill'd thy self in ev'ry Art of Song,
 Tho' of thy *Mother-Goddess's* Tip-top full,
 By Inspiration *furiously* Dull ; 585
 Yet this one Maxim from my Pen receive,
 To *midling* Bards the World no Quarter give.

H 2

T—d

Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri;
 Hæc placuit semel ; hæc decies repetita placebit.

(49) O major Juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ
 Fingeris ad rectam, & per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor: certis medium & tolerabile rebus
 Rectè concedi. Consultus Juris & actor

VER. 382. No *Conjurer* in *Lun*.] A fictitious Name assum'd by Mr. Rich
 when he perform'd the part of *Faustus* in the Farce, and at other Times
 when he play'd the *Harlequin*.

T—*d* a *Petty-fogger* might have made,
And been perhaps a *Dapster* at his Trade.

Th' indifferent *Lawyer* is the most in vogue, 590
And still the greater, as the greater *Rogue*.

But midling *Poets* are by all accurst,

We only listen to the Best or — *Worst*.

(50) All Arts by Time, and Industry are gain'd,
And without Pains no Knowledge is obtain'd. 595

Ladies must study hard to play *Quadrill*,

And *Doctors* take *Degrees* before they kill.

Soldiers to gain their Point, must be *polite*,

Dress, *Sing*, and *Dance*, and ev'ry thing but — *Fight*

Courtiers

Causarum mediocris abest vertute disert
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est — Mediocribus esse Poëtis
Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.
Sic, animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.
(50) Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:
Indotusque Pilæ, Discive, Trochive, quiescit,

Courtiers do all that's *little* to be — *Great*, 550

And *Lawyers* study *Equity* to cheat:

But yet, you say, that without Pains, or Time,

All dare to dabble in the Arts of Rhime:

Why not? since Fancy, Poverty, and Spite,

Demand eternal Priviledge to write. 605

Without restraint indulge your *keen* Desire,

Want — not *Minerva*, kindles up the Fire:

Write then, and still write on; No Matter why,

Nor what, Nor how, — So *Lintot*, will but buy:

The Task run thro', let it be ne'er read o'er, 611

Nor Sleep *nine Moments* in the dark '*Scrutore*;

But when the *Groans* of the *griev'd* *Pres*s, shall cease,

And *Others* lay your Labours up in *Peace*,

Then,

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?

Liber & Ingenuus —

Tu nihil invitâ dicēs faciesve Minervâ.

Si tamen olim,

Scripseris, metui descendat Judicis aures,

Et patris & nostras; nonumque prematur in annum

Membranis intus positis delere licebit.

Quod non edideris. —

Then, first, the Work to mighty B—ley shew
 He'll prove *your* truest *Friend* who's *Milton's* Foe; 615
 And if thro' haste, some Parts remain too *bright*,
 The next *Edition* he will *cloud* them quite.

(51) *Orpheus*, I've read, his harmonious Skill,
 Made *Birds* and *Beasts* obedient to his Will,
Amphion greater yet, made *Stones* advance; 620
 And sturdy *Oaks* to mingle in the Dance;
 But how much greater in our Age are those!
 Whose powerful Strains could charm the *Belles* and
Beaux !.

'Tis

Nescit vox missa reverti.

(51) *Sylvestres Homines Sacer Interpresque Deorum*
Cædibus & victo fædu deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres rapidosque Leones.
Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor Arcis,

VER. 620. Who's Milton's Foe.] See the Edition of Milton's Paradise lost, put forth by this great Critick; in which he hath made so many marvellous Corrections, Alterations, Additions, and Amputations, that he may justly be said by this Surprising Performance to have rob'd Milton of all his Glory, and made his Poem quite another Thing. All this he achiev'd too, as he tells us in the Preface, by Sagacity and happy Conjecture.

'Tis likewise said, that in our Father's Days,
 By Sense, and Vertue Poets aim'd at Praise, 625
 And in their Country's Service tun'd their Lays.
 Taught Men from Fraud, and Rapine to abstain,
 And Publick Good prefer, to private Gain:
 Shew'd 'em what Reverence to the *Gods* was due,
 And what rich Fruits from *Social Vertues* grew: 630
 By nuptial Ties loose Libertines restrain'd,
 Taught mutual Commerce, and wise Laws ordain'd;
 Whilst others sung in animating Strains,
 The martial Hosts embattel'd on the Plains;
 Or useful Secrets labour'd to explore, 635
 Which lay conceal'd in Nature's Womb before.

For

Saxa movere Sono testudinis, & prece blandâ
 Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
 Publica privatis fecernere, Sacra profanis;
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis:
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.

Post hos insignis Homerus,
 Tyrtæusque, mares animos in martia Bella,
 Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina Sortes;
 Et Vitæ monstrata via est; & gratia regum

For such dull Stuff they justly are despis'd,
 We knowing *Moderns* scorn to be advis'd.
 To our Applause, He only can pretend
 Who's Sworn, to *Dulness* and her *Friends*, a Friend;
 Who by no Laws Divine, or Human aw'd, 641
 Rails at his *Prince*, and redicules his *God*;
 To Vice and Folly splendid Temples rears,
 And for our Entertainment, *risks his Ears*.
 (52) Some question whether this successful Vein,
 Be Nature's Gift, or the Reward of Pain, 646
 Believe me Brethern neither is requir'd,
 Nor taught by *Study*, nor by *Genius* fir'd,
 By *Whim* alone, or *Penury* inspir'd.

He

*Pieris tentata modis: Ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis; ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyrae solers & cantor Apollo.
 Sic honor & nomen divinis Vatibus atque
 Carminibus venit.* —————

(52) Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite Venâ,
 Nec rude quid profuit video ingenium —————

He then that would the wish'd-for Prize obtain,
 Need never dim his Eyes, or rack his Brain,
 Nor toil by Day, nor meditate by Night, 660
 But take for *Power*, the *Willingness* to write,
 And ever thoughtless, indolent, and gay,
 With *Wine*, and *Women* revel Life away.
 Let *Pipers* learn their Fingers to command,
 And *Fidlers* drudge seven Years to make a Hand, 665
 You care for nothing but a warm *Third-night*;
 Then, Hunger *take the Hindmost* ! cry, and write.
 'Tis done ! the *Motley* Scenes at once appear,
 Drawn from *Corneile*, *Racine*, and *Moliere*;
 Now *Theirs* no longer — all their Sense and Skill 670
 Quite lost in your *Annihilating* Quill.

I

(53) Buc

Quist udet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit & alfit,
 Abstinnit Venere & Vino. Qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius extimuitque magistrum.
 Nunc satis est dixisse, ego mira Poemata pango :
 Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est
 Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri

(53) But then 'tis requisite you some should hire,
 On the first Night, your Labours to admire;
 Some that will stamp, and rave at ev'ry Line,
 And cry 'tis charming! exquisite! divine! 675
 Applaud when *Chair*, or *Couch*, is well brought in
 And clap the very *drawing* of the *Scene*.
 Old *Dennis*, next, with a good Supper treat,
 He'll like your *Poem* as he likes your *Meat*;

For

(53) Ut præco ad merces Turbam qui coget emendas,
 Assentatores Jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta.
 Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ. Clamabit enim, pulchre, benè, rectè.
 Pallefcet super his: etiam illabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem: saliet, tundet pede Terram.
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
 Et forquere mero quem perpexisse laborent,
 An fit amicitia dignus——

VER, 676. Applaud when *Chair*, or *Couch*.] *When the Tragedy of Timoleon was represented for the first Time, the Author's Friends were so very Zealous in doing it Justice, that not a Scene was drawn without a Clap, the very Candle-Snuffers receiv'd their share of Approbation, and a Couch made its Entrance with universal Applause. It is remarkable that in another new Tragedy which was brought on the Stage soon after, the very same Couch met with a Severe Repulse, tho' it acted its Part altogether as well. From hence appears the great Usefulness and Necessity of the foregoing Rule.*

For give that growling *Cerb'rus* but a *Sop*, 680
He'll close his Jaws, and sleep like any Top.

(54) But well beware you never trust to those,
Who under Friendship's Mask are real Foes;
Nor let a *Pope* or *Trapp* your Works peruse,
They'd only *overlay* your *infant* Muse, 685
And sway'd by Envy, Ignorance, or Spite,
Find Fault with every thing that you recite.
They ne'er would pardon an *unmeaning* Line,
But *Rhime* to *Reason*, slavishly confine:
“ Enliven this (*they'd cry*) and Polish that, 690
“ The *Diction's* here too rugged, there too flat,

I 2

“ That

(54) Nunquam te fallant animi sub Vulpe latentes.
Quintilio si quid recitares, corrige, fodes
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. Melius te posse negares
Bis terque expertum frustra; delere Jubebat,
Et male tornatos incudi reddere Versus.
Culpabit duros: incomptis allinet atrum

“ That *Thought's* too mean, and here you're too

“ obscure,

“ This *Line's* ill-turn'd, and — strike out those

“ be sure.

Thus, while they *cancel* what they *call* amiss,

There scarce *remains* a *Line* of all the *Piece*. 695

(55) As therefore, you'd avoid a clam'rous *Dun*,

Scour from a *Catchpole*, or the *Pill'ry* shun,

So fly such *Criticks*, trust your self alone,

Nor to *their* Humour, sacrifice your *own*:

No — rather seek some *Sycophant* at court, 700

Some rich, young, lack-wit *Lord* for your support:

Submit your Works to his *right-honour'd* Note,

He'll *fudge*, with the *same Spirit* that you *wrote*:

(56) And

Transverso calamo Signum ———

—————Hæ nugæ feriâ ducent

In mala ———

(55) Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,

Vesani titigisse timent, fugiuntque Poetam,

Qui sapiunt ———

(56) And when a *Dupe*, that *freely bleeds*, you nick;
 Be sure you fasten, and be sure you stick;
Be-rime, *Be-prose* him, *Dedicate*, and *Lie*,
 And never leave him, till you've suck'd him dry. 707

56(*Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo;*
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, Hirudo.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 5. Instead of *Stumen*, read *Flumen*.

VER. 618. Instead of, *his harmonious Skill*, read *by his harmonious Skill*.



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